Deviation in Symmetry

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Deviation in Symmetry

by Artemiaz

Summary

A sharp little fang sunk into Will's bottom lip as he bit down *hard*, a bead of blood trickling down his chin. Something shifted in the air. Will caught a whiff of acridity, Doctor Lecter's dark eyes flaring amber—an ambiguous shade, deeper and darker than Omegan gold, soothing and warmer than Alphan ruby. His gaze reminded Will of a tiger—or some as-yet-undiscovered predator. It passed in an instant, and Will was left wondering if he'd imagined it.

"You want to… *with me?"* Will felt as though he might faint. His own voice sounded foreign to him.

"Most certainly." The answer came without hesitation. "You are intelligent. Beautiful. Atypical. These are all highly attractive qualities."

"D'you often find yourself attracted to the atypical?" Will croaked. Doctor Lecter stared at him as though he were peering into Will's soul.

"Don't *you*?"

~

Will Graham is an Omega hiding in plain sight amongst his colleagues at the FBI. After years of taking suppressants, his Heat hits unexpectedly. Hoping for a medical miracle to stop the inevitable, he turns to his good friend and presumed Alpha, Doctor Hannibal Lecter, for help.

Notes

Please heed the tags folks! We're going Omega X Omega here, with a strong dose of weird biology. Basically, I decided I wanted to have and eat all the cake. *giggle* This won't be super heavy on world building. Omega men are intersex, and so are Alpha women; Betas have standard human biology.

(A)typical

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Another day, another body.

Will Graham observed the eviscerated corpse on the steel gurney, willing his stomach to stop churning. A gaping hole punctured the victim's guts where a bouquet of poisonous blooms formerly sat. Will wiped his palms on his jeans and thumbed through the crime scene photos, sweating under the scrutiny of Jack Crawford's stare. The photos showed the man as they'd found him that same morning: entwined in the branches of a cherry tree in the middle of a deserted parking lot. Will tried to ignore the odd flush creeping up his neck and concentrate on his work, as his colleague and friend Beverly Katz rattled off the particulars of the victim:

"Victim's name is Sheldon Isley, Baltimore city councilman. No criminal record. Some adverse media coverage. He brokered a controversial woodland development deal five years ago to build a parking lot on top of a local beauty spot... yeah, *that* parking lot," she nodded, seeing the others' raised eyebrows.

"And medical records confirm, secondary gender: Alpha," Jack finished, throwing down the medical report onto the nearby counter. Nobody looked surprised.

"Well, knock me down with a feather. If only our Ripper could find himself a nice, sweet Omega to settle down with, all our troubles would be over," Jimmy Price chimed in with a dramatic shake of the head.

Sheldon Isley was the latest in a long line of Alphas to have met their end. The murders went back decades, stamped with the killer's signature grandiosity, elevating his victims into theatrical works of art. Will eyed the man's plundered chest cavity and the bright array of flowers laid out next to him. The 'Ripper' was not called as such for nothing; he loved collecting 'trophies' from his unlucky muse *du jour*. Sheldon Isley still had his lungs—sacks of wasted air that once powered his poisonous speech—but not much else. A twisted part of Will almost *admired* the transformation.

"Why are you assuming the Ripper's a man? It could be an Alpha *lady*," team jokester Brian Zeller challenged Price, wiggling his eyebrows at his partner-in-crime. Price rolled his eyes and swotted him on the arm, echoed by a smirk from Beverly. Will pinched the bridge of his nose. God his head was fucking banging.

"The Ripper's not an Alpha, period," he snapped.

Everybody in the room turned their heads. Will caught the unsubtle side-glances they thought they were clever enough to hide, that screamed: *Oh god, not this again.*

"Will, we've been over this," Jack began, like he was explaining a math problem to a slower-than-average child. "Why else would the Ripper be targeting Alphas, if not to eliminate

sexual competition?"

"I don't see a sexual motive here," Will fired back, gesturing to Isley's corpse. He paced the room, nervous energy amplified by *something* he was yet to identify. "These tableaus aren't making a statement about the victims' status; they're an explicit attack on their *character*. Sheldon Isley sold out the local community he was supposed to represent; he sacrificed something of priceless beauty for monetary gain. The Ripper *detests* men like him. That's why he takes their organs—because they don't *deserve* them. In no sense are they his 'competition'." Will paused to draw breath, passing a hand over his sweaty brow. His heart was jackhammering in his chest. "Like I said before, you're looking for an atypical *Omega*." Seeing their disbelieving expressions, Will thrust the photos back under his boss' nose. "Think about it for one minute, Jack: the artistry, the attention to detail, the sheer *patience* it would take to pull this off… are those common Alphan traits?"

"We're talking *nine* dead Alphas and counting, Will. Whoever this monster is, he's strong enough to subdue these guys without leaving so much as a *hair* of DNA. An Omega wouldn't be physically capable." Jack nodded pointedly in Price's direction. The fingerprint analyst was a typical Omega in both stature and demeanour—shorter than average, led by his emotions. Nobody could imagine Jimmy Price going toe-to-toe with the Ripper and coming out on top, not even Price himself. The Omega pursed his lips, but did not disagree with Jack's assessment; it was unclear if his deference was because Jack was his boss, or because he was an Alpha. The Omegan instinct to submit to the strongest in the room was incredibly potent; a power dynamic that no amount of workplace labour laws could erase. Even Betas were susceptible—and Jack was a particularly bullish Alpha. Will Graham, however, had never been one for submission.

"There are always outliers," Will maintained, folding his arms in defiance of Jack's bristling frown. "Can't have a norm without exceptions."

There was a tense pause.

"... Alright, Will. You win. We'll widen the scope of suspects." Jack Crawford didn't often like what Will had to say, but his bloodhound had never failed him yet.

As the Alpha turned to his brigade and began giving orders, Beverly caught Will's eye, and gave him a friendly nudge to the ribs.

"Thank god for being Beta, right?" she joked. Will made a vague noise of agreement and adjusted his glasses, which kept sliding down the bridge of his nose with sweat. Beverly paused and looked him up and down. "Hey… you okay, Will? You don't look so good." With her secondary-gender being what it was, Beverly couldn't smell anything amiss on him, but she wasn't *blind*.

"Yeah, m'fine," Will answered on autopilot, his gaze straying to Jack.

The Alpha was braced against the counter, pouring over the case notes with Zeller and Price. Will was blind to the glint of the wedding ring on his boss' left hand, captivated by his (attractive?) broad shoulders, accented by the cut of his suit and the harsh strip lighting.

Suddenly, all Will could think of was those strong shoulders and muscular arms pinning him down and—

Fuck.

“Actually, Beverly, you’re right,” Will stammered, backing away on jerky legs. Scorching heat and ice-cold horror pooled in the pit of his stomach. “I er, I gotta go. Sorry.”

Will bolted before his colleagues could ask any further questions. He dashed down the corridor, bumping shoulders with a pair of blissfully unaware Beta trainees as they rounded the corner. Will snarled at them to watch it, the high-pitched warble of his voice making them recoil.

Feeling like he’d run a marathon, Will locked himself in the nearest bathroom. Sweat was pouring off him, and there was a telltale sticky feeling in his pants. With jittery fingers he unhooked his belt and peeled away his clothing, shocked at the damp patch in the seat of his trousers. He slid two fingers beneath his boxers, unable to stop the hiss of pleasure at the delicious mess he found inside. Usually, it was easy for Will to ignore the neat little slit that sat just behind his cock and balls, marking him as an Omega. Now, that secret place was tingling, hot, and soaked in slick.

Panic set in. Will reached into his jacket, fumbling for his bottle of suppressants. They were meant to be taken daily, but his last dose was less than eight hours ago. Yesterday he’d lasted ten. The day before, twelve. Will chugged the pill dry and sagged against the bathroom door, no longer able to deny the reality of his situation.

After a solid twelve-year streak, his suppressants were wearing off. How the *fuck* were they wearing off?

The sound of voices coming from outside jolted Will from his state of shock. He couldn't hide out here in the bathroom forever. If any of his colleagues were to discover his status, he'd never live it down. On paper, Omegas might have equal rights these days, but in practice...

Will pulled out his phone and began scrolling frantically through his contacts. He needed an intervention, he needed a doctor, he needed a friend.

He needed—

Will came to a pause, thumb hovering over the number of his unofficial psychiatrist—and, incidentally, Alpha—Doctor Hannibal Lecter.

Chapter End Notes

Oh I'm sure nothing can possibly go wrong(!) Hope you liked the setup; I needed to write something easy and fun after the intensity of RDC! Kudos and comments are

always much loved, thank you for reading.

Side note, the pretentious title can be read a couple of different ways 🤭 The fact they're both omegas and therefore symmetrical in that respect, but also 'deviant' examples of their types. Han physically resembles an Alpha; Will is more of an Alpha mentally (cough *rude* cough). You could also look at it referring to Will and H's deeper 'deviation' from society's standards, and how they mirror each other, but also in the ways they differ.

(In)elegant

Chapter Notes

> Warning for dubious consent per the tags (comes with the territory really...), and also 'cunt' to describe female genitalia. I'm describing Han as 'Alpha' in this chapter because that's Will's perception. The weird scent stuff (why he smells like an Alpha) will be explained, I promise.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

One harried phone call later, Will wound up on the porch of Doctor Lecter's grand Baltimore home. The door swung open so quickly after he knocked, Will suspected that the doctor had been waiting in the hallway for his arrival. If Will weren't in an abject state of panic right now, it might have been heart-warming.

"Will," Doctor Lecter greeted, professional as always. Will resisted the urge to take a huge gulp of the Alpha's pheromones. Doctor Lecter's scent was always understated and mercurial. Some days he smelled of saffron and leather; other days of liquorice and old books. It was odd. Likewise, Will had never once detected the smoky burn of pre-Rut on him. Maybe Doctor Lecter used suppressants too.

"I'm sorry," Will said tightly, shifting his weight from foot-to-foot. "I didn't know who else to call."

Will cringed as the Alpha's gaze swept him up and down. Will wasn't stupid—he knew how enticing he must look from Doctor Lecter's perspective: clammy skin dampening his curls, flushed cheeks, a spark of gold in his eyes that the frames of his glasses couldn't conceal. Behind him on the driveway, Will's car was parked haphazardly next to Doctor Lecter's Bentley. The latter glanced at it without comment, standing aside to let Will in. His large hand hovered over the small of Will's back, careful not to touch as he ushered him inside.

"Never apologise for coming to me." The Alpha's nostrils flared as Will stepped through. His lips parted at the delectable scent oozing from Will's every pore: fresh mint underlaid with dark chocolate, refreshing and bitter, with only a *dash* of sugar to make it palatable—far less sweet than your typical Omega.

"You said you could help me?" Will prompted as soon as he was over the threshold. His jittery fingers struggled with the zipper of his jacket, until Doctor Lecter placed his strong hands on his shoulders. Will froze.

"I did," he rumbled, easing Will out of the pesky garment. "But first, let's get you comfortable."

Will groaned with relief as the stuffy outer layer was removed (he'd only put it on out of habit before dashing out the door). In his Heat-addled state, Will didn't spot the other's fingers dipping into his jacket pocket, or how Doctor Lecter spent a moment too long securing the front door.

Will let himself be guided down the hall towards the lavish dining room, where he found a small feast waiting for him. Will had no idea how his host had managed to prepare all of this at such short notice. There were even *candles*. Ever the gentleman, Doctor Lecter pulled out a chair for Will to sit.

"I'm sorry… I don't really feel like eating." Hidden beneath the table, Will had one hand clamped between his legs, pressing against his hard cock—and something even harder pressing against him from inside. Will adjusted himself in the chair as surreptitiously as he could. The plug wedged against his sweet spot provoked tingles of pleasure with every movement. He'd also changed into a thick pair of sweatpants before making the journey; a wise decision, because Will was certain that with the amount of slick he was producing, he risked leaving a mark on Doctor Lecter's fancy upholstery. *God,* he needed to be fucked.

Treated. He needed to be *treated*. Urgently.

"I'm sure you don't," Doctor Lecter agreed, observing Will from the head of the table. He picked up his cutlery and gave Will a pointed look. "But the gap between what we desire and what we *require* isn't always surmountable."

Will supposed it was logical; most medicines weren't supposed to be taken on an empty stomach. He just hoped that whatever miracle drug Doctor Lecter planned on injecting him with was fucking *strong*. So, with considerable reluctance, Will followed suit and took his first bite. As always, Doctor Lecter's cooking was *to die* for. He was a fantastic conversationalist too; a talent Will especially appreciated tonight. The doctor's calm words distracted Will from the constant arousal thrumming through his blood, steering their conversation into the familiar, safe waters of work. Well… 'safe' all being relative. Doctor Lecter was always willing to lend a listening ear on the latest murder case, no matter how gory or grim. He listened now, unshaken, as Will recounted the horrific fate that befell Sheldon Isley… and if Will *might* have accidentally described the Ripper's work as 'beautiful' at one point, Doctor Lecter was kind enough to overlook it.

An hour later, Will was shocked to discover that he'd somehow made it through a rich starter of baked camembert, followed by an entire serving of *Roti de Porc de Dijon*… and he only seemed to be getting hungrier. He knew it was the effect of his Heat, his body trying to stock up on last-minute calories before he was completely incapacitated. Not that it mattered. After dessert, Doctor Lecter would jab him with a needle full of blessed chemicals, and this whole nightmare would be over. He just had to endure a *little* longer. Will hissed in pleasure-pain as he rubbed his palm unthinkingly against the swollen scent glands in his neck.

"Are you alright?" Doctor Lecter interjected, breaking off their current discussion on witness interrogation techniques. Will shot a glare his way.

"Been better." The forkful of succulent pork melting in his mouth did nothing to soothe his bitter tongue. "I just don't *get* it. Why is this happening to me? Why *now*?"

“Suppressants can fail for any number of reasons,” Doctor Lecter replied evenly. He looked relaxed and effortless as he always did during their therapy sessions. “As a starting point, how long have you been taking them?” An incoherent mumble answered. Doctor Lecter tilted his head. “Pardon?”

“I said, twelve years.” Will squirmed in his chair, trying to stave off the traitorous tingles beneath his skin. His host raised an eyebrow.

“Leading medical advice recommends that an Omega should allow for one heat cycle every twelve *months* to avoid building a tolerance… but I presume you chose to take the risk.”

“You *presume* correctly.” Will stabbed at his food, the Alpha’s devouring eyes dissecting his every move. Here he sat, a quaking little lamb, come to dine at the lion’s table.

“Why does the prospect of your Heat terrify you so?” Doctor Lecter enquired. Will bristled at his mild tone—at the implication of *weakness*. He suspected the Alpha was being deliberately obtuse.

“I’m not *terrified,* I’m—” He broke off and looked away. Doctor Lecter smiled in his particularly restrained, un-Alphan way; a slight lilt of lips, never showing his teeth—or, heaven forbid, his *fangs*. He probably considered such displays uncouth. Still, a part of Will longed to catch a glimpse; to compare how big the Alpha’s teeth were to his own… how much *damage* they could do. Alas, Doctor Lecter’s cupid’s-bow kept them well concealed. The devilry could be detected only in his eyes.

“Ashamed?” he guessed. “Of your natural impulses?”

“... That would be more *accurate.”*

Doctor Lecter made a muted sympathetic sound, fingers twitching around his cutlery, as if tempted to reach for Will’s hand.

“You are far from alone in your feelings, Will. There are many male Omegas for whom the pleasure in penetration remains taboo. Our genetic code was only modified a hundred-or-so years ago; barely the blink of an eye in evolutionary terms. Alpha women, in my experience, seem to have taken the change in stride. The same is sadly not true of their Omega male counterparts.”

It took Will a moment to process the implication in that statement. He paused with the fork inches from his parted lips.

“You’ve been with other Alphas?” he asked, intrigued. It wasn’t unheard of. Alphas ran hot in their passions, occasionally finding an outlet in each other; one night stands, salacious liaisons in alleyways after dark, aggression bleeding into attraction. Doctor Lecter held Will’s gaze. The candles on the table cast his brown eyes in a warm, red glow.

“I’ve sampled lovers of all stripes; savoured their contrasting flavours. Why should we allow genetics to determine destiny?” He said it so softly, it almost sounded like a purr. Will swallowed, taking a sip of red wine. In the back of his mind, he knew that Doctor Lecter

shouldn't be plying him with alcohol if he planned to administer any drugs. He drank it anyway.

"The sweetest fruit is the one forbidden, huh?" Will almost choked mid-gulp when Doctor Lecter looked him dead in the eye and dragged his tongue across his lower lip with outrageous slowness. The Alpha leaned forward across the table.

"And you?" he said silkily. "What of *your* preferences, Will?" The Omega in question pressed his lips and thighs together, another gush of slick pooling beneath him. The wine was loosening all his inhibitions.

"I've been with a couple of Alpha women," he began. "Betas too. It wasn't…" Will searched for the right word, thinking back to his college years. He'd had a 'girlfriend' at one point—the stunning, quietly domineering Margot Verger—who had concluded that, yes, she *definitely* preferred women, even over the soft, enticing curves and wet cunt of an Omega man. Years later came the gentle Beta, Alana Bloom. She'd taken him to bed and then apologised straight after the event, believing she couldn't be what he needed. *Because of the way he is.* Omega. "... It wasn't *right*."

Will cringed, this time not out of arousal, but because admitting it aloud felt dirty. He enjoyed the company of beautiful, intelligent women. He should enjoy bedding them too—or them bedding *him*. He was *built* for it, for crying out loud.

"No recent partners, then?"

"No," Will frowned. Now it was *his* turn to lick his lips—from discomfort or temptation, he wasn't sure. "Why do you ask?" Doctor Lecter studied the meat on his fork with particular interest, twirling the implement between his forefinger and thumb.

"Exposure to Alphan pheromones is also a known Heat trigger. The dose would need to be high; administered either through absorption or ingestion." He gave Will a searching look. The latter recoiled with a revolted snarl, pointed Omegan fangs glinting in the candlelight. Doctor Lecter stared as if he were the most captivating creature on earth.

"If you're asking if I've recently been bred or given head, the answer is 'no'."

Will's defensive sneer slipped into a desperate gasp, his inner walls clenching around the silicone toy at the mere mention of 'breeding'. He panted, twitching unsubtly in the chair. Doctor Lecter pretended not to notice as he took away Will's plate and replaced it with dessert: a decadent slice of Black Forest gateaux.

"Eat," the doctor insisted, looming over him. Will shook his head, fingers digging into his stomach as the cramps only got worse. He was so, *so* tempted to shove a hand down his pants and get himself off right here. Doctor Lecter, however, had other ideas. "I'm afraid I really must insist, Will."

Will's mind went blank as the Alpha's hand brushed against his jaw and gripped his chin, forcing their eyes to meet. Doctor Lecter's thumb stroked his reddened lips and Will couldn't

help but open up for him; he took the invading digit in his mouth, tongue curling, golden-blue eyes falling to half mast as he laved and suckled.

The delicious torture ended too soon. Doctor Lecter's thumb withdrew with an obscene, wet sound, a string of saliva still connecting them as he turned to pick up Will's spoon. A mouthful of spongy, chocolate sweetness was delivered onto Will's wanting tongue. The Omega mourned the loss of his Alpha's touch (*his*?), but still swallowed like he was programmed to do.

"Very good," Doctor Lecter cooed, feeding him another bite. "And the rest." He didn't stop (God, Will didn't *want* him to stop), until the plate was scraped clean. Then he returned to his seat, reclining gracefully with crossed legs, as if nothing had happened.

"… Alright. I'm finished." Will pressed his palms flat to the polished oak table in search of solidity, willing his voice to absorb some of its strength. "So, what's the plan?"

Doctor Lecter paused. He set down his spoon and dabbed delicately at the corner of his mouth with the napkin.

"The plan is that I provide you with suitable accommodation for the duration of your Heat." He watched, impassive, as Will's face turned increasingly pale. "I have already taken the liberty of informing Jack Crawford that you are indisposed due to food poisoning, and that you'll be staying here until you recover. The guest room upstairs has been prepared… along with appropriate aids to make the process easier."

'The process'. Doctor Lecter made it sound like they were discussing Will's quirky college paper on calculating time of death by insect activity—not his current, deep-seated biological need to be railed within an inch of his life.

"What?" Will hissed. The flush that now covered his cheeks was one of mortification. He shot up from the chair. "*No*. You—you promised you'd *help* me." Seated and forced to look up, Doctor Lecter found himself caught in the sights of something untamed: a gorgeous, feral thing with pearly white fangs, wild ringlets, and flaming eyes of gold. Not many Omegas would dare stand up to a perceived Alpha, let alone during their Heat. Will's parents clearly chose well when they named him—but then, 'Hannibal' was hardly a name destined for cowards. Refusing to be taken in by the sight of an Omega in distress, Doctor Lecter merely raised an eyebrow, gesturing to the handsome spread laid out.

"Is this not helping you?"

Will blinked, and took another look at the dishes on offer. They were all dense in fat; high in calories. Pre-Heat foods.

"... You're an ex-surgeon. You studied biology." Will's sun-kissed eyes shone with all the Omegan sweetness he could muster, shaking his head the whole time, because *this couldn't be fucking happening right now.* "You must have *something* you can treat me with."

"Even if I did, you're too far along, Will." Doctor Lecter at least had the grace to look sympathetic. "I can tell from your scent that you're already deep in pre-Heat. Stopping the

process now would be dangerous. The best I can do, as I said, is make you comfortable."

The silence stretched as Will weighed his options. He braced against the table, fingernails digging into his palms where his fists were clenched tight. The pain helped to stave off the burn between his legs.

"In that case, I think I'd rather get 'comfortable' at home."

Decision made, Will darted for the hallway; never mind the erection tenting his pants, or the *very* obvious wet patch that was spreading down his inside leg. His resolve quivered and died when Doctor Lecter stood too, six towering feet of lean Alphan muscle, and pulled out two sets of keys from his suit pocket.

"I apologise, but I already took the liberty of relieving you of your car keys," he informed Will, sounding not very apologetic at all. "Based on the current state of your parking abilities, you're in no fit state to drive home. I also have the key to the front door. The windows, likewise, are locked." A desperate sound escaped Will's lips, sagging against the nearest hard surface. Doctor Lecter continued, keeping to his side of the table so as not to frighten Will off, speaking with calm finality. "You just told me you've been taking Heat suppressants continuously for more than a decade, Will. This change will be a severe shock to your body. I can't allow you to seclude yourself without medical supervision… and on that note, it would be prudent for me to monitor you during your stay."

"My 'stay'?" Will echoed, sliding back into the dining chair on trembling legs. "What is this, a five star hotel?" As much as he hated to admit it, Will knew the doctor was right. If he tried to drive home right now, he'd probably plough straight into a tree.

"It's whatever you need it to be," Doctor Lecter answered simply. Before Will could ask what he meant, the Alpha held up his hand in a request for silence. "Before this conversation goes any further, I would like for you to tell me your full name, the time, and our current location."

"What?" Will's brow furrowed in confusion.

"Humour me, please."

"Fine. Whatever." Will glanced down at his watch, wiping the sweat from his eyes. "It's currently 8.32pm, I'm in Baltimore, Maryland; and my name is Will Graham."

"Excellent," Doctor Lecter hummed in satisfaction. "The Heat hasn't yet stolen your mental faculties, which means you are still capable of consenting."

Consenting?

Silence fell; the kind of quiet that seemed to vibrate in want of sound. The static in the air before lighting strikes. *Anticipation*. Will was hypnotised by Doctor Lecter's pianist fingers as he toyed with the knife on the table, adjusting and then readjusting its position by millimetres.

“It seems to me, there are two courses of action you might choose from,” the Alpha said carefully. “The first is that I show you to your room, and you remain there alone for the duration of your Heat. I will knock on the door periodically to make sure you are still responsive, nothing more.”

Alone.

The mere word made Will’s heart ache. His inner-Omega couldn’t countenance it. ***Alpha is right there,*** it howled, tempting him to look up and meet Doctor Lecter’s scorching gaze. ***Tell Alpha what you want. Get on your knees for Alpha.*** Will refused to give in. A *question*, though, was perfectly respectable. All civilised men were allowed to ask questions, right?

“And the second?” Will ventured, peeking above the frames of his glasses. The smile was back on Doctor Lecter’s lips.

“Well, that depends. To what extent do you desire my help, Will?”

The Alpha’s sultry tone left no room for doubt. A sharp little fang sunk into Will’s bottom lip as he bit down *hard,* a bead of blood trickling down his chin. Something shifted in the air. Will caught a whiff of acridity, Doctor Lecter’s dark eyes flaring amber—an ambiguous shade, deeper and darker than Omegan gold, soothing and warmer than Alphan ruby. His gaze reminded Will of a tiger—or some as-yet-undiscovered predator. It passed in an instant, and Will was left wondering if he’d imagined it.

“You want to… with *me?”* Will felt as though he might faint. His own voice sounded foreign to him.

“Most certainly.” The answer came without hesitation. “You are intelligent. Beautiful. Atypical. These are all highly attractive qualities.”

“D’you often find yourself attracted to the atypical?” Will croaked. Doctor Lecter stared at him as though he were peering into Will’s soul.

“Don’t *you*?”

The image of Sheldon Isley’s body decorated with deadly petals flashed through Will’s mind, flooded by a wave of dark admiration and desire. That was the moment Will knew he was done for. He swallowed and tipped his head back, unconsciously baring his throat. ***Submit to Alpha.***

“No teeth,” he said suddenly, speaking to the ceiling. “No… you know, *bites.”* He couldn’t bring himself to say the word ‘mating’ out loud.

A light footstep echoed on the polished wooden floor, sandalwood and saffron catching in Will’s nose as the Alpha drew close. Doctor Lecter circled around the back of his chair and leaned down, placing two strong hands on his shoulders. Will felt the other’s body heat radiating through his shirt.

“Is that your only condition?” Doctor Lecter murmured. “You indicated earlier that you’ve only ever been intimate with primary-gender women. You may find certain aspects of my body distasteful.”

Will’s Adam’s apple bobbed, and *finally* he opened his eyes. His pupils were blown wide, black rimmed with gold fire and ocean spray, gazing up into Doctor Lecter’s handsome face. But it wasn’t his face that Will was interested in.

“With all due respect, Doctor, I think your body has the one aspect I *need* right now.” To that, the Alpha chuckled, laying a hand on Will’s sweaty forehead and brushing back his curls.

“That I do,” he agreed, stroking Will's feverish skin. “And perhaps, along the way, I will surprise you… You may even surprise yourself.” A pleasurable sigh slipped past Will’s lips. He tipped his neck even further back, inviting touch, despite how vulnerable it left him. Doctor Lecter’s mouth hovered over his own, breath ghosting over skin in a tantalising caress. “I’m going to kiss you now, Will.”

“Alphas don’t give *warnings*.” The sneer was immediate and instinctive; Will’s inner-Omega offended by the show of sensitivity from a potential mate. Alphas didn’t *coddle* their Omegas. They claimed. Protected. Defended what was theirs. Considering the needs of others did not come naturally to them, and nor did gentle romantic gestures. Truth be told, Will wasn’t even sure that they typically *kissed.* Margot certainly hadn’t given him many. None that he could remember, at least.

Oh—but he would remember *this*.

“Indeed.” The low rumble as their lips slotted together in an upside-down kiss sent a shiver down Will’s spine. Doctor Lecter whispered sins into the cavern of Will’s mouth, passing languidly over his quivering tongue. “The quintessential Alpha is covetous and brash; inelegant in speech and brutish in action. He stumbles through life half-blind, unable to appreciate the wealth of beauty that surrounds us… much like Sheldon Isley.”

“Careful you don’t start sounding like the Ripper,” Will quipped as they parted, breathing heavier than the languid kisses warranted. He needed more. His Heat *demanded* it.

Doctor Lecter made a shocked noise as Will twisted around in the chair without warning, grabbed hold of his fancy silk tie, and *yanked.* Their mouths crashed together like water breaking on rock. It was brutish. *Inelegant*. Being the physically stronger of the two, Doctor Lecter was quick to extricate himself.

“And *you* take care not to start acting like his victims, dear boy,” he warned, holding the desperate Omega at arm’s length. A whine caught in the back of Will's throat—a noise that seemed to shock Will more than it did his partner. He clapped a hand over his mouth in mortification.

“Son of a—I didn’t—was that… *fuck*.”

“Hush.” Clearly amused, Doctor Lecter reached around Will’s trembling shoulders and hooked his free arm under his knees, lifting him from the chair like he weighed nothing.

Well, this was… new.

Wrapped in a pair of bigger, stronger arms, Will buried his face in Doctor Lecter's shirt, feeling the hard plains of chest muscle that lay beneath folds of soft cotton. A small voice inside Will whispered that he could get used to this. He told himself it was just the Heat talking.

"Will?" Disgruntled, Will pulled back and dragged his gaze up. He was a golden-eyed, angelic mess. Doctor Lecter smiled that strange, faint smile, and nodded in the direction of the hallway, where the staircase beckoned. Will followed his gaze, shivering as those sinful lips caressed the shell of his ear. *Last chance.* "Do you want me to take you to bed?"

Will was vaguely aware of Doctor Lecter removing his glasses from the bridge of his nose before he'd even given his answer; the already soft, sensual world seen through the eyes of his Heat losing all definition. Because of course, there was only ever one answer Will could give:

"*Please*."

Chapter End Notes

I know, I'm a cruel master; but the real smut is 75% written! Also, Han would absolutely murder a rude Omega if they pissed him off enough; Alphas are just over-represented in his catchment type :')

(Dis)satisfied

Chapter Notes

> Warning for themes of gender dysphoria in the context of omegaverse, and a very mild implication of suicidal tendencies amongst Omega males (does not apply Will or Hannibal themselves). Dubcon. Pregnancy risk is mentioned (because breeding) however I don't intend for either to become pregnant in this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The guest bedroom of Doctor Lecter's home was a calming space, painted in neutral colours with dark blue accents and mahogany furnishings. The hints at wealth were understated, observable in the quality of the bedcovers, the genuine leather loveseat sitting off to the side, and the oil paintings on the wall—originals, rather than prints. Will didn't notice any of this. From the moment Doctor Lecter carried him over the threshold, his focus was singularly on the nest laid out ready on the floor. Usually, Will would prefer to sleep in a bed like any other man—but Heats robbed Omegas of their higher faculties, reducing them to conduits for animalistic impulses, surrounding themselves with softness and scent to ease their aching flesh.

Rather than throwing him down and ravishing him as Will expected, Doctor Lecter gently deposited him right in the middle of the nest. It was plush and inviting: stacks of soft pillows establishing a high perimeter, artfully rumpled blankets interspersed with a few of Doctor Lecter's own clothes. Will blushed at the realisation as he sank into the sheets, nosing at a crimson silk shirt. The garment was permeated with the doctor's pheromones; that intriguing blend which seemed to defy categorisation. The scent of an Alpha was both calming and arousing to an Omega in Heat; Doctor Lecter must accumulate his worn clothes here, readying the nest for his next conquest. Envy stabbed Will in the gut. How many like him there had been? How many more needy Omegas had received the pleasure of Doctor Hannibal Lecter's care?

None that could compare to me, his inner voice hissed.

Speaking of clothes, Will was still wearing far too many. His oversized shirt rubbed against his nipples, hips wriggling as he left his mark in the nest, unconsciously showing off the dip of his waist and the plump curve of his ass. God, he was fucking *boiling*. The ailing thoughts of his fevered higher brain told him to stop; that what he was doing was *degrading*... but Doctor Lecter's touch snuffed them out. He reached underneath Will and—*Jesus, is that a **knife**?*—cut through his shirt buttons with a clean *rip*, peeling the offensive, sweat-soaked plaid from his back.

"Mother Nature is a cruel mistress." The Alpha spoke loud and clear, but by now, Will was struggling to follow the thread of conversation... although he was *keenly* aware of Doctor

Lecter's eyes raking over his exposed skin—and of the glinting blade in his periphery. "You hide it well beneath your clothes, but your physical form is undeniably Omegan… and yet, your soul is closer to that of an Alpha. The contradiction must be hard to bear."

It was. God-knows, Will felt it every time he stripped in front of the mirror, wishing he was five inches taller; that he had twenty pounds of extra muscle and twice as much hair to draw attention away from his curves. He stole a glance behind him, as Doctor Lecter quickly slid the knife onto the adjacent bedside table out of reach. The ravaging effect of Will's Heat dampened the sense of danger—but if the Alpha planned on using it, realistically, there would be nothing he could do. Will's eyes lingered on the bone-carved hilt. It was engraved with some kind of animal… a stag, perhaps? Will was only admiring the craftsmanship, nothing more—but where he saw beauty, other Omega men might very well have seen temptation. A way out. After all, everybody knew the statistics.

Will refused to be a statistic. He wouldn't be reduced to a set of influences: genetic, environmental, or social. His choice of career and bachelor lifestyle were proof of his resolve, eschewing the Omegan dream of doting homemaker with a litter of pups at his breast. Nevermind that he hated the work. Nevermind the crushing guilt he felt after every case after getting too close—his natural empathy, high even for an Omega, perverted and exploited. Nevermind that he was *lonely*. Death had been Will's companion for so long now, he'd forgotten what it was like to feel a spark of life.

He felt alive now, with his face pressed into Doctor Lecter's red silk shirt; the warmth of another's body within arms' reach. The promise of security.

… Or not.

Will's nose wrinkled in the sheets. Beneath Doctor Lecter's intriguing Alphan scent, he detected something else. He took a deep breath, opening his mouth for good measure to fully engage his olfactory centre—an action which proved unwise. Clean, crisp lemon hit the back of Will's throat; the same aroma he'd caught earlier in the dining room. It nearly made Will choke, were it not for the cloying honey that came with it. Male. Middle aged. Omega. The smell of *competition*.

Enraged, Will rubbed the scent glands in his neck against every available soft surface, determined to remove all trace of the nest's previous occupant. An amused chuckle came from somewhere behind him, and a pair of steady hands landed on his hips to keep him still. Will was dimly aware of his belt buckle sliding free and his soaked pants and boxers being pulled down. The cool kiss of air was a welcome balm as Will presented for his Alpha: ass up, spine fully flexed, face pressed into soft cushions. Beads of slick ran down his inner thighs, folds parting as he spread himself wide for Doctor Lecter's viewing pleasure. The spot between his legs was pink and glistening like a ripened fruit, twitching around the inadequate silicone toy he came equipped with. Fuck, it *hurt*. He'd forgotten that part.

Will shuddered as Doctor Lecter pulled the toy out of him with torturous slowness, suppressing another pitiful cry. Any second now, the Alpha's hard, thick cock would take its place, plunging into his pliant Omegan body; a mindless receptacle for Alphan seed. Will screwed his eyes shut, lips curling in a snarl of self-disgust. He didn't *want* to be bred. He knew better than that. But his throbbing cunt didn't.

Will's bubble of desperation burst when the doctor's warm, wet tongue slid inside him instead. For the second time in his adult life, he *whined*.

"Doctor Lecter, what—" Will's question ended in a gasp as he *finally* felt the Alpha's fangs catch on his labia—sharp, but curiously smaller than he'd expected—suckling lewdly as if the fountain of youth flowed between Will's legs.

"Considering our current position, wouldn't it be more natural for us to be on a first name basis, Will?"

The question was underscored by the Alpha raising one of Will's legs and sliding beneath him, without even bothering to undress. There was a brief moment of eye contact—hazy blue staring down at sly maroon— before Doctor Lecter opened his mouth, and licked a neat stripe from Will's puckered hole, through his slick-soaked folds, all the way to the tip of his leaking cock.

"F-fuck. *Hannibal*."

Will's thighs trembled either side of Hannibal's face as the Alpha ate him out. It was obvious that Hannibal was experienced, not shying away from a single spot on Will's body; he spent as much time savouring the Omega's precum as he did the sweet slick accumulated between his legs. Will cursed as Hannibal took him halfway down his throat, the Alpha's satisfied hum vibrating around him. Hannibal sucked cock like he did it for a living. His lips toyed with Will's sensitive tip, tonguing at his frenulum, lavishing the length of his shaft.

When he grew bored of that game, Hannibal moved down to Will's slit. He probed at the Omega's dripping entrance, snaking his tongue inside as deep as it would go, wet muscle twisting and sliding against Will's spongy center in a way that made him cry out for more. Slick oozed around Hannibal's lips and dripped down his chin and neck, staining the collar of his fancy dinner shirt. The Alpha used the excess to tease Will's asshole, tracing circles around the tight rim with a slicked-up finger. He didn't push in too far, just enough to relax him, as Hannibal continued to lave and suck bruises between Will's thighs.

Will wasn't used to being in such a dominant position during sex. Seeing Hannibal splayed out beneath him, subservient, sent a flood of conflicting signals to his brain. It seemed like the Alpha would gladly spend eternity like this, not once having reached down to attend to his own pleasure. To Will's disbelief, he was still *fully clothed*. It was usually Omegas that let themselves be used in this way: reduced to willing holes that existed only to serve their Alpha. Will was ashamed to say he knew as much from personal experience. The small handful of female Alphas he'd been with had no qualms about doing as nature demanded. They'd held him down and fucked him through his Heat until his throat was raw from screaming.

Will's hips twitched in an abortive thrust, hissing through his fangs. He wanted *so badly* to grip Hannibal by the hair and ride his face until he came—but Will's inner-Omega balked at the idea. It told him that *he* should be the one on his back right now, opening his lips and legs for Alpha. Will hated his body for its conformity, and he hated Hannibal too for his defiance. The singular, determined patience that his bedfellow demonstrated with every pass of his tongue had Will on the brink of breaking. He needed the man *inside*.

“M’going to—”

Will’s gasp of warning went ignored. Hannibal tightened his hold, grabbing handfuls of Will’s ass to stop the Omega from escaping, and Will realised that this unconventional Alpha had no intention of fucking him to orgasm, no matter how much he begged. Hannibal was going to make him cum right here. Will stuttered and groaned, *finally* sliding his hands into Hannibal’s hair for purchase as his hips thrust with abandon, bearing down against that sinful mouth. The simultaneous pressure of Hannibal’s finger breaching the tight heat of his ass, as his tongue curled against his g-spot from inside, was what did it. Will cried out, loud enough to raise the dead, slick gushing from his cunt as he came all over Hannibal’s face. His cock followed straight after, ropes of cum decorating cheekbones that could cut.

The Alpha slid out from under him as Will collapsed boneless into the nest. A blanket enveloped the Omega’s trembling shoulders, self-assured hands stroking through his curls. The soft furnishings were already soaked, and they weren’t even one day into his Heat. Will accepted Hannibal’s ministrations with silent gratitude, ravaged by the trembling aftershocks of orgasm. His head was clear for the time being, but he could already feel himself hardening again. He rutted slowly against the cushions as a fresh trickle of slick oozed from his hole.

“... Stop *toying* with me.” The demand sounded much needier than Will would have liked, but at least he wasn’t outright *begging* for it.

Somehow Hannibal, despite being drenched in cum and slick, still managed to look *amused*. At last, he reached for the buttons of his own shirt and began to disrobe.

“What a greedy boy you are. Rest assured, I’m yet to leave a guest unsatisfied, in either the kitchen or the bedroom.” Will’s ears caught the sound of Hannibal’s zipper being tugged down, followed by rustling material. Saliva flooded his mouth, cunt throbbing in anticipation of finally being filled.

That’s when he smelt it: acerbic lemon, sharp like paint stripper. Fresh. *Close*.

Will rolled over onto his side, blinking sluggishly at the sight of a now-naked Hannibal looming over him.

“That smell…”

The Alpha paused in his advance. He regarded Will with a subtle smirk.

“I’m impressed you’re still lucid enough to detect it. I don’t produce nearly as much lubrication as I did in my youth. Thanks to aging and diet, my body has undergone something of a biological overhaul.”

Hannibal offered no further explanation, leaving the Heat-addled Omega to work out the rest. He gripped Will by the hips, encouraging him up onto his knees and pressing down against the small of his back, arranging him into the traditional presentation pose. Elbows flat and ass in the air, Will craned his neck to look behind him as Hannibal lined himself up. As expected for an Alpha, he was hairy, muscular, well-endowed; the base of Hannibal's length was just

beginning to swell with his knot. What Will *didn't* expect was the suspicious sticky sheen coating his inner thighs.

The puzzle pieces clicked just as the head of Hannibal's cock kissed his glistening cunt.

"*You're* an Omega too?"

It was the only explanation that made sense. Hannibal Lecter didn't fuck like an Alpha because he *wasn't* one—not innately, at least. The lemon-honey aroma that Will had mistaken for a rival Omega was none other than Hannibal himself. This nest was *his.* Which meant that the strange mix of Alphan pheromones he kept scenting were… something else.

"Maddening isn't it?" Hannibal crooned as he pushed inside, drawing a moan as he slid into Will's molten core. "The sweet delirium of Heat eclipsing all rational thought; the dull ache of nights spent without an Alpha's touch. I know how it hurts."

There was no pain now. Will's body accepted Hannibal with ease, velvet walls squeezing invitingly, milking every drop of precum from him. It occurred to Will too late that Hannibal wasn't wearing protection… but then, being two Omegas, there was no risk of pregnancy. Probably. The knot pressed up against Will's entrance, growing larger by the second, begged to differ. How the fuck did Hannibal have one of *those*, anyway?

"You didn't spend *your* nights alone," Will retorted, the last syllable ending with a mewl as Hannibal gave his first, rapacious thrust. "T-there were Alphas here recently. Several." He shuddered as Hannibal's delicate, Omegan fangs scraped against his shoulder, dangerously close to the scent glands in his neck. A sickly cloud of lemon and honey engulfed him, underscored by stolen scents of liquorice and leather.

"What are you suggesting I did with them, Will?" Long, strong fingers wrapped around Will's cock. Coherent thought eluded him, like grasping for a lathered bar of soap in the shower, as Hannibal thumbed over the slippery head.

What *was* he suggesting? Scent residue from physical contact only lasted for a few hours… So, why was the signature of these nameless Alphas still written on Hannibal's clothes, in his nest, pouring from his very skin?

Will yowled as Hannibal rubbed over his g-spot, spreading his legs wider to get him deeper inside. Hannibal's knot was catching on his rim, gradually stretching Will open, sinking in a little further each time. That was another mystery: Hannibal's body shouldn't be producing Alphan hormones in sufficient quantities to develop a knot. Will supposed it *could* be cosmetic… but it definitely didn't *feel* like it. His Omegan desires apparently couldn't differentiate between a 'real' Alpha, and whatever Hannibal Lecter was.

Rippling, sheened muscle kissed Will's back, flashes of full-bodied, masculine spice commanding his Omega hindbrain: ***Submit. Open for Alpha. Let Alpha take care of you***. All the while, the sweet honey dripping between Hannibal's legs left Will in a drunken daze, coaxing him to turn his brain off, to surrender to the pulsing pleasure, tempering any violent instincts: ***Relax. Don't fight. Omega is here. Omega is no threat. Find shelter inside. Come home.***

Will's second orgasm ripped through him. His eyes rolled back in his skull, the shadows from his nightmares dragged into the light as his vision turned white. He pictured the pair of them together in the nest: twin monsters with black leather skin stretched over bone, antlers locked together and fangs buried in each other's necks. Their bodies poured with sweat, slick, and crimson blood, soaking through the covers until the evidence of their deviancy flooded the room. It seeped into the walls and underneath the crack in the door, refusing to be contained.

Then he saw his workplace. Sterile white walls and steel gurneys. Photographs of fine art wrought from human flesh laid out across Jack Crawford's desk. Alphan corpses with missing organs. Trophies that were never found.

A twisted promise of help. Stolen car keys and locked windows. A mouth-watering plate of 'roasted pork'.

"You're looking for an atypical Omega."

"Exposure to Alphan pheromones is a known Heat trigger. The dose would need to be high… administered either through absorption or ingestion."

"Thanks to aging and diet, my body has undergone something of a biological overhaul."

Diet. Ingestion. Missing trophies. Heat trigger. Biological overhaul.

The burn of Hannibal's abominable knot squeezing its way into his cunt yanked Will back to reality. He froze, his mind screaming at him to squirm away, his body too overcome with pleasure to move.

"G-god—" *Monster. You're a fucking* monster. "—N… *Hannibal* ." For whatever reason, the word 'no' never made it past Will's lips.

All at once the pressure gave way, and Hannibal seated himself fully inside. Will *howled* . He dug into the cushions, writhing in the nest like a man possessed, as Hannibal started to cum. Locked on the monster's knot, there was nowhere for Will to go. He trembled and panted as Hannibal emptied himself inside, all the while peppering kisses along Will's shoulders, licking and nosing over his scent glands with relish.

"You feel so wonderful, dear boy," he sighed in Will's ear. Will's breath hitched in a half-sob, eyes burning with sweat and unshed tears. "Do you like me taking care of you?"

"*... Yes*."

With a satisfied hum, Hannibal shifted them both onto their sides—still locked together—and curled his larger body around Will's. The latter sank into the embrace, cursing his existence… until he felt the foreign sensation of a fellow Omega's purr vibrating through his back. It was so strange, so *comforting*, Will found himself responding in kind despite his better judgement. The aloof Alpha women of years past had bred and left him before first light. Suppressants, he'd decided, were easier on his body and heart. He'd never imagined receiving such affection... but then, he never thought he'd someday end up in bed with another Omega.

Every couple of minutes, Will felt Hannibal's cock pulse again, releasing a fresh spurt of seed deep inside his channel. He groaned softly, squirming against the other's hips. There was *so much.* Even with his cunt fully plugged, Will could feel it leaking out. God… *would* he get pregnant after all? As far as Will knew, there was no precedent for this: an Omega having ingested—*digested*—Alphan genetic material in such quantities that it began to rewrite their own biology.

Will was in no fit state to ponder the intricacies of the science involved, but he was absolutely sure of three things: Hannibal Lecter was the Alpha Ripper he'd been hunting, they'd *both* been eating the evidence of his crimes, and this was still the sweetest fuck he'd ever had.

Chapter End Notes

'You are what you eat', as they say! I hope it came through in the chapter itself, but basically: Han has eaten so many Alphas that it's changed his biology over time to something between Omega and Alpha. Will's Heat was triggered thanks to Han exposing him to Alphan pheromones via the fancy meals he's been feeding him since they met. If you were wondering, yes, this means that if Will continues on the Dr Lecter diet plan, he's going to end up as an Omega-Alpha hybrid in the long term too. I did say I wanted to have and eat all the cake in this fic 🤭 I hope this chapter is hot, but also there's enough of Will's inner conflict coming through! Next time, Will is about to get even and get bitey 😁 I'll do a little more exploration of Han's omega anatomy too *smirk*

(I also had a crisis when deciding whether to add the 'penis in vagina sex' tag because technically yes, but also Omega cock? Idk 😅)

(Un)expected

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

In the end, Will's Heat lasted for more than a week—nearly double the standard time. Hannibal took good care of him throughout, just as he'd promised. For the most part, he refused to leave the vulnerable Omega's side; slipping away only to retrieve food from the fridge, hand-feeding Will tasty morsels between orgasms. Likewise, he kept a steady supply of water on-hand to replenish the fluids lost through sweat and slick. Will couldn't have asked more from a 'proper' Alpha.

It was on the eighth day that Will knew he was on the other side of it. He woke up without a fresh sheen of sweat on his brow, finally able to think past the burning between his legs. He still let Hannibal fuck him, slow and sensual, so as not to give the game away. After all, Alphas hunt; Omegas lure. So the saying went.

That should have been a clue, Will thought with spite as Hannibal dragged his tongue across his skin. In matters of courtship, Alpha's were direct and relentless in their pursuit—but that wasn't Hannibal. He'd sown the seeds of chaos and waited patiently for them to bloom, feeding Will promises of friendship along with every generous meal, anticipating the day the repressed Omega would show up at his door. Wind him up, and watch him go.

Well, two can play at that game, Will thought, spine flexing invitingly as Hannibal fucked into him.

Hannibal loved scent-marking every inch of Will's body as he gave him his knot, particularly his stubble-dusted neck. He licked Will affectionately from collarbone to ear, paying particular attention to the scent glands that were just starting to lose their potency. Will shivered as his fangs left the *barest* scratch, flirting with disaster—before finally pulling back. Whilst he displayed a complete lack of boundaries in the kitchen, Hannibal had respected Will's wishes in the bedroom. The sacred territory of the Omega's neck remained unconquered. Will was still unscarred. Unmated. 'Free′.

First round of the day done, Hannibal slotted himself next to Will and began to purr. Facing away, Will's expression was hidden to him. The knife on the bedside table, forgotten until now, gleamed in the sunlight peeking through the gap in curtains. *Now* Will was tempted. Hannibal's knot tugged at his ripe cunt as he shifted, reminding him that it was too soon for any sudden moves.

With difficulty, Will twisted around to face his bedfellow, long lashes half-closed. Relaxed. Harmless. Hannibal's arms were hooked beneath Will's, artist fingers painting nonsensical patterns across his scapula; massaging the rivets of his spine like the press of piano keys. Rocking their bodies together, Will turned his face into Hannibal's neck and breathed him in. He found the acidic citrus ashamedly refreshing, after inhaling it for eight days straight. It was like Hannibal was his drug, and Will was building a tolerance—a twisted form of exposure therapy.

This time, his whine was deliberate. Will rutted more insistently against the hollow of Hannibal's stomach, clenching down on the cock nestled thick and full inside him, just as he would in the grip of Heat. A soothing rumble from Hannibal answered, passing through their bodies where they were pressed chest-to-chest.

"I have you, Will. Take what you need."

He reached between them and wrapped a hand around Will's length. Will groaned in satisfaction (only half-exaggerating), as Hannibal's palm glided over his cock, slippery with lemon-scented slick collected from between his own legs. Within a minute, Will was spilling into his hand with a shudder, the responding pulse of Hannibal's knot stretching his hole again, another hot flood of seed wicking up his cunt. Perhaps the effects of the doctor's unconventional diet were already showing because, God, how Will *ached*. He wanted to rip himself off of Hannibal's cock, bend the lying bastard in half, and plunge into him like an Alpha punishing his Omega's transgressions.

… But he still had to pretend to be in Heat.

Busy licking his fingers clean, Hannibal was surprised when Will's mouth found his nipple. He trilled in approval, sliding his fingers into those lovely brown curls as Will began to suckle. As childbearers, this was a pleasure spot for all Omegas. Males only grew breasts with the onset of pregnancy, but their nipples were always sensitive; the act of nursing was therefore incredibly relaxing, and—when indulged by a mate— *arousing*.

In Hannibal's case, his pecs were so large that it was easy for Will to pretend they were swollen with milk, rather than hypertrophied from consuming Alphan flesh. Will laved over the tanned areolas, rolling the little pink nubs between his fangs as Hannibal's purr only grew. They'd already done this a few times. Mid-Heat, Will was desperate for relief from the ravaging fever, his adult body drawing on old memories from when he was a pup. Driven by a warped combination of maternal concern, 'friendship', and base desire, Hannibal had welcomed him. He kept Will secure against his breast, soothing him between shattering climaxes, Hannibal's own thighs slickening in response.

Peeking up at his bedmate, Will took a moment to bask in those amber-sheened eyes. He enjoyed the security of Hannibal's body wrapped around him; the healing vibration resonating between them. Hannibal had unconsciously tightened his hold, trying to maximise skin-to-skin contact.

Aside from pragmatic purposes of feeding, or the boon of sexual pleasure, nursing had one other important sociological benefit: it encouraged bonding. Studies had shown the practice was just as effective in building trust and harmony between mates, as it was between mother and pup.

If, for instance, one intended to confront an Omega about suspected acts of serial murder and cannibalism, nursing would be the best time for it; when their primary instinct would be to protect, rather than harm; to maintain connection, conjoined in more than just the physical sense. They might even be tempted to tell the truth.

Reluctantly, Will let Hannibal's nipple slide free of his mouth to speak. Whatever happened next, he took comfort in knowing he would always have this: this single, perfectly peaceful memory. The moment before the teacup shatters.

"Hannibal," Will murmured, slurring his syllables convincingly like he was still Heat-drunk. His counterpart made a soft noise of invitation. Will took a breath, fanning the greying chest hair that tickled his nose, wondering if it would be his last. "R'you the Ripper?"

In truth, Will didn't know what to do if Hannibal straight-up *admitted* it. How was he supposed to react if Hannibal confessed that he *was* the monster the FBI had been hunting for years; that the meals he'd been serving Will all this time were definitely *not* pork, and this intimate exchange was the consequence of his machinations? A twisted experiment to *see what would happen.* Will was even less sure what he'd do if Hannibal insisted that any part of it was real. Because— *fuck* —it *felt* real. The heady kisses, those remarkable hands on his skin, Hannibal's soothing purr… it was the realest thing Will had ever known.

For better or worse, that wasn't what happened.

The fingers stroking through Will's hair suddenly stopped. Hannibal pulled back, eyes sharpening, spearing Will with more than just his body. Will understood now where their unique colour came from: pure Omegan gold corrupted by Alphan DNA, turning Hannibal's stare bloody.

"That's a bold accusation, Will. It hurts that you would think me capable of such a thing… but I understand it's not your fault. Omegas in Heat are prone to delirium."

A lot of words—yet none of them meant 'no'. Hannibal leaned up and kissed Will's forehead with tenderness, as if forgiving him. Will stared at the column of his throat, lips pressed tight with fury, on the verge of ripping out Hannibal's trachea. The 'proper' Omega in Will abhorred violence. Saving innocent lives had been a big part of his motivation for joining the FBI. The *other* part of him, though…

"Though, I dread to think how Jack Crawford would react, if he heard you talking this way," Hannibal continued, far too articulate for a man who'd just been accused of serial murder. His voice saturated Will's ears like artisan coffee sliding down a thirsty gullet. "Should you make a statement to the police, I would have to give my professional medical opinion of your condition, and how your Heat may impact your reliability as a witness. I'm sure it would come as a terrible shock for Agent Crawford to learn you've been concealing your Omegan status from him all this time. The impact to you both could be...considerable." Bitterness swelled on Will's tongue as he latched on again to Hannibal's chest, as if the monster was feeding him poison straight from the source. He wanted to lash out—to *scream:*

Please, don't lie to me.

"Impact?" he echoed with a vicious nip, pushing down the growl that tried to force its way up his throat.

Will could see the imprint of the knife behind his eyelids, Hannibal's lethal hands currently preoccupied. He calculated how many seconds it would take to grab it: 2.5, to be exact—

assuming Hannibal was too slow to stop him. The knot inside Will was softening now. They'd both be able to move soon.

"You and I both know the prejudices faced by our kind," Hannibal said, stroking through Will's hair as he nursed. "Omegas have an unfortunate reputation for mental and emotional instability; only five decades ago, you and I would have been barred from our respective fields. Any investigation will invite questions as to your own competency, and Agent Crawford's professional judgement by extension." Pausing to let his words sink in, Hannibal toyed with the man in his arms, winding Will's hair around his fingers like wire around a fishing reel. Will's throat constricted in turn, his own twisting tongue no match for Hannibal's manipulations. "The last thing I want is for you to suffer, Will, all because of a Heat-induced lapse in judgement."

Will's fang caught on Hannibal's nipple, tempted to bite down in anger. Copper oozed into his mouth instead of life-giving milk. He tongued the bleeding cut in 'apology' until he heard Hannibal moan. *Delirium. Wild accusation. A 'lapse in judgement'.* So, that was how Hannibal wanted to play this.

"I don't want me to suffer either." Will underscored the statement with a classic Omegan whimper as Hannibal's cock finally slipped out of him, cum spilling onto the blankets. He squirmed, using it as an excuse to slot his leg between Hannibal's slicked thighs. As predicted, the greedy bastard couldn't help himself.

Hannibal immediately started grinding down against Will's leg in a slow rhythm, the neglected place tucked away behind his cock now spread open, slipping and sliding against sturdy muscle. It was nothing compared to Will during the peak of his Heat, but all Omegas produced a slick response when aroused. Having generously given Will his knot so many times, Hannibal was determined to satisfy himself to the full extent his body could offer. Words could not describe the delicious zing that shot down his spine every time Will's little Omegan fangs grazed his chest, delectable dark chocolate and crisp mint storming his senses.

"And you don't have to," Hannibal purred, all the whilst humping the meaty thigh clamped between his legs. Will was clinging to him, nuzzling pitifully against his chest in distress. *Poor thing,* Hannibal thought. He twisted those lovely chestnut locks tighter, whispering insincere assurances: "When this is over, nothing need change between us. Our friendship can continue as it always has… perhaps with the addition of occasional intimacy, when our physical needs get the better of us. If that's something you desire."

If his mouth were free, Will would have laughed. As if he'd 'desired' any of this. He traced the curve of Hannibal's back and the cleft of his ass, fingers digging into peachy flesh hard enough to bruise. Pulling him in. Hannibal's legs came apart on cue, hooking a thigh over Will's hip to guide him inside. Will's cock was still soft, but his hands were in fine working order. Will ran his fingertips along Hannibal's dewy lips from behind, the soft skin pulsing under his touch. He heard the Devil's voice whisper in his ear:

"I want you to believe in the best of me, just as I believe in the best of you."

"... I *want* to."

All at once, Will slid three fingers into Hannibal's wet cunt. The indulgent moan that followed nearly made Will cum again. He curled his fingers against Hannibal's spongy inner walls; a move Will had learned from being taken apart at the hands of past lovers. The moan turned into a wounded cry.

As his sopping fingers pistoned in and out, Will pictured plunging the knife deep into Hannibal's guts, imagining his hands soaked in blood rather than sweet lemon slick. A brutish solution. Inelegant… *Pointless.* The Alpha Ripper would be dead, yes—but without proof, Will Graham would be stuck serving a life sentence for murder. His mouth twisted in displeasure around Hannibal's abused nipple, throaty growl lost amongst his partner's panting.

Hannibal's design, by contrast, had been *perfectly* elegant. Armed only with stainless steel cutlery, he'd picked the lock to Will's suppressed Omegan DNA, reached in through his stomach, and shuffled the order of his atoms. A peculiar sort of burglar who visits to rearrange the furniture, rather than to steal. An intimate intrusion. Will thought again of the knife, and mentally set it down. Hiding behind a blade wouldn't do it. Hannibal had set the example, a cruel demonstration of Omegan instincts, and Will would cultivate those instincts as the inspirations they were.

With one final, punishing thrust, Hannibal's inner walls contracted, clenching down on Will's fingers like he was trying to swallow his whole hand. Carnal cries drowned out Will's cursing as Hannibal's nails raked down his back, followed by a gush of warm liquid down below. The sheets would smell of citrus for days. With Hannibal caught in the throes of orgasm, Will pounced. He reared up, bearing down on Hannibal's exposed neck, where his scent glands lay. Before reason or logic could intervene, Will bared his fangs and bit down.

Euphoria was the only way to describe it. Every cell and nerve ending of Will's body sang as he injected his unique genetic signature into his fellow Omega's bloodstream. He could *taste* it as Hannibal's body rewrote itself under his tongue, remoulding his molecules, tying them together. Whilst Will admired Hannibal's crafty Omegan subtlety, there were quicker ways to a man's DNA than through his stomach.

Hannibal's noises of pleasure turned to pain, but that didn't stop him cumming for a second time. Another spray of slick erupted as he writhed on Will's hand, unable to free himself from the wicked little points embedded in his neck, or the fingers lodged halfway up his cunt. Will kept Hannibal riding the wave, forcing the twisted son of a bitch into compliance, as another throb of his exocrine gland delivered more of his essence into Hannibal's veins. He had to make sure the bite took.

Like releasing a wild animal, Will withdrew as sharply as he'd swooped in. He ripped his teeth from Hannibal's scent gland, leaving behind ragged strips of skin, and made a grab for the knife on the bedside table. He nearly fumbled it, the hilt sliding through his slippery fingers. Fortunately, Hannibal was in no fit state to fight him for it. The mated Omega was curled at the far end of the bed. Though he wore the snarl of an enraged beast, his feeble human form trembled; the wound on his neck was bleeding profusely, ruining the expensive cotton sheets. Gripping the knife with white knuckles, Will shrank against the headboard, blood dripping from his chin.

Now what?

The two Omegas regarded each other from opposite ends of the bed. Will's unclaimed neck throbbed in want when he saw the mark on Hannibal's, feeling that an essential piece of him was missing. As their gazes locked, Will's breath left him.

*Mate. **My** mate. Protect. Submit. Claim me. Claim me. **Claim me.***

The strength of the urge nearly made Will drop the knife, roll over, and show Hannibal his soft belly. But he didn't capitulate—and nor did Hannibal. The murderous Omega's fangs were bared, eyes glued to Will's neck, but he remained where he was. An impressive show of restraint. If Will was so affected, he knew that Hannibal must be feeling it ten times worse.

"This is a departure from the expected," Hannibal managed at last. The 'no biting' rule had been set by Will, after all. The guilty party wiped his bloody lips with the back of his hand.

"I think there's been a few 'departures' in that respect."

Hannibal's eyes moved from Will's face to the knife, and then back again. Feelings crowded Will's mind that weren't his own: violent flashes of tearing skin and strangling hands, overlaid with the faces of past Ripper victims. Then, Will saw himself. He was sprawled in this very bed, throat cut, staring sightlessly at the open door in search of a recently-departed lover. This was how Hannibal saw him, his 'mate': a red stain on the clean sheets of his reputation; a tumour leeching his freedom, best cut out.

Right now, Hannibal was considering doing just that.

"You won't kill me," Will said softly, heading off that train of thought. Hannibal's eyes flashed in anger—but they both knew that Will was right.

Aside from the small fact that Jack Crawford could trace Will's last known location to Hannibal's home, there was also the physical risk that came with breaking a newly-forged bond. Omegas were known to sometimes kill their would-be-mates after forced encounters. The resulting overload of chemicals—the soaring high of dopamine, followed by crushing cortisol—always took a toll. The Omega would be left bedridden for days; in extreme cases, even suffer cardiac arrest. At his age, Hannibal Lecter couldn't afford to incapacitate himself.

Sealing the bond between them, likewise, was out of the question. There was an obvious reason why the wealthy, well-to-do Omega had never taken a mate; 'serial Alpha-killing cannibal' and 'harmonious family life' didn't exactly go hand-in-hand. This was never meant to be anything more than a game. Will Graham was a *liability*.

"May I ask what it is that you want from me?" Hannibal said, curt. It was hard to believe that, just ten minutes ago, they were panting against each other's skin. Will's expression hardened.

"You know."

The tiny twitch of that cupid's-bow mouth, and the stab of vicarious exasperation Will felt, spoke volumes. Hannibal Lecter would not *surrender*. In that case, so be it. Having staked his claim, Will had blown the stronghold of Hannibal's mind wide open. He would scratch and claw at the walls until the Alpha Ripper gave him the evidence needed for a conviction.

The pair began to redress in silence. Will pretended to focus on fastening his shirt, whilst keeping one eye on Hannibal in the mirror. The knife was stashed in the waistband of his pants, just in case.

"The effects of a half-bond won't last forever, Will," Hannibal warned, almost friendly, as he guided his fellow Omega out of the bedroom into the hallway. Will could trace the shape of the hand pressed to the small of his back, it was so familiar to him by now.

"I'm aware."

The wooden staircase leading downstairs was steep. A week ago, Hannibal had swept Will off his feet and carried him up these steps to the bedroom. Now, Will lingered at the top, Hannibal's dark intentions bleeding into his skull through their one-way bond. It wouldn't be the first time an exhausted Omega fresh out of Heat had fallen down the stairs. Will turned to stare at him, and waited. After a lengthy pause, Hannibal stepped in front to go first.

"And do you think you'll be able to find me, before then?" he asked nonchalantly.

Destinations flashed through Will's mind like the recipes on Hannibal's rolodex: colourful mosaic and ornate spires of the Sagrada Familia, the weathered faces of the saints of Notre Dame, the Duomo's gleaming marble facade in shades of pink, green, and blinding white. The last lingered in Will's mind like the afterimage of a firework.

"Yes." Will looked sideways at his companion. "That's assuming *you'll* be able to stay away."

At first glance, Hannibal appeared unruffled—but peering closer, Will spotted the blood seeping through his shirt collar, and the stray droplet of sweat sliding down his brow. He was already feeling the effects of separation. Will was too; a dull ache had started behind his eyes, to match the throbbing of his virgin scent gland.

Mate with me. I'm right here. Do it ***now****.*

They reached the front door. Hannibal turned to the coat rack and retrieved Will's jacket, helping him into it like a true gentleman. A performance to disguise his shaking fingers. One hand came to rest on Will's shoulder, the other reaching across him to unlock the door. Will squinted at the sudden invasion of bright light and crisp air. The hand on his shoulder squeezed tighter.

"The next time we meet, you can return my knife to me, if you'll be so kind."

The shiver that passed through Will had nothing to do with the cold. His traitorous lips parted as Hannibal's half-smirking mouth met his with the lightest pressure, like the fluttering wings of a death's-head hawkmoth.

“You can count on it,” Will promised, pulling away. A flash of pain passed over Hannibal’s face, staring longingly at Will’s neck again. “... I’ll tell Jack you said hi.”

With that, Will slipped out of Hannibal’s grip, and strode out of the house without daring to look back.

Chapter End Notes

Mating with your serial killing cannibal bff as a totally tactical move to get him thrown in jail, and not at all because you secretly really like his--*ahem*

Finally finished this chapter, yay! I hope you enjoyed, and thank you subscribers for your patience and support <3 Kudos/comments always appreciated!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!